"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 9.] SEPTEMBER, 1858. [PRICE 1½d.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

"MEET LIZZIE AT SIX."

THAT was all the dispatch contained. Four little words; yet what excitement they caused in the household at Maple Cottage; the quiet, sober household, whose members, at the moment of its reception, were on the point of going to rest for the night.

"Meet Lizzie at six!" Was our darling indeed so near us? Two years and three months had passed since our eyes had been gladdened with her girlish beauty, since her voice mingled with the bird-music that floated all the long summer days among the maples. Two years and three months she had been buried among books, in a far away city, bowing her sunny curls over algebra and geometry and botany, French and Latin; patiently at first, because her parents desired it; afterwards cheerfully, to please the teachers she had learned to love; and at last, zealously, from pure thirst for the treasures these studies unlocked to her. But it is over now; these toilsome years, and she was on her way to us once more—our Lizzie—our pet and pride—we should "meet her at six."

She had left B. in the morning; journeyed without stopping, all day; this we guessed at once; and at eight in the evening, finding a hasty opportunity she had telegraphed to us the words above. At six the Eastern train arrived at our station: Lizzie was to ride all night for the sake of reaching home thus early. It was like her; impulsive, warm-hearted child she was! How little we slept that night! What slight sounds aroused us! How early we were all astir—even the baby and the white haired grandfather. "Meet Lizzie, eh!" he said, "aye, indeed, will we!" And the old man's voice caught a youthful tone, and his crutches an elastic movement, as he hobbled about the house, giving orders, as if all the responsibility rested upon him to be sure. There was Hannah, too, bewildering the mother about breakfast. "Did Lizzie like coffee or cocoa best?" And would she make biscuits or waffles? And the mother smiling all the time, nodded her head to every thing, and went hurrying about, the gridiron in one hand, and the egg boiler in the other, coaxing Fanny to curl the baby's hair, and looking at the clock every five minutes. But Fanny, with mysterious apronsfull of something, was flitting up stairs and down, leaving a book here, a flower there, a daguerreotype on the table, or a rosy-cheeked fall apple in the window—something for Lizzie to see and smile at. Only the father seemed undisturbed. We noticed, to be sure, the dimples in his cheeks, which Lizzie always said she had made with her fingers when she was a babe, looked deeper when he smiled, and that his voice was a trifle less steady when he told Thomas to bring the horses; but he did not like to be considered a demonstrative man, so we only looked significantly at each other, and said nothing. Still waters are sometimes very deep. At last the carriage came around, and we got in; two of us, beside the father who was to drive. There was room for more: but it was quite out of her line the mother said to go on a dashing drive before breakfast; so we left her on the piazzi, with the pickle dish in her hand, and wiping her eyes with her apron. It was half a mile to the station, and the sun not quite risen when we started. How balmy and pure the air was, that soft September morn. We thought, egotists as we were in our happiness, that nature sympathised with us. It seemed as if there never had been so fair a sun rising

before, and as if half the glory of the morning would have been wasted, had Lizzie not been coming home. The train had not arrived when we stopped at the station, but we heard the whistle of the locomotive, not very distant; and those few, sweet, waiting moments—what a world of blessed anticipation they held. The sun was rising—ah, Lizzie! Lizzie! At last the train came up—stopped. We looked at the windows; only a row of sad faces! Lizzie must have sat on the other side. A few passengers came out solemn-faced, silent. We pressed forward—so did those who were going out on the train. The conductor appeared and waved everbody back, then motioned to some one in the train. Two men came out, and slowly descended the steps, bearing a lifeless body—a woman; her features covered by a veil. They bore it into the saloon, and laid it reverently upon the sofa. Still the conductor waved the crowd back—except our party! He knew us, and turned away his face as we approached.

Then we knew how it was; all except the father; he could not believe! Firmly he raised the veil from the dead face. Oh God! All-merciful! Is it thus we meet thee, Lizzie, darling, our best beloved, idol of our heart! In a brief time we learned the story—learned how the Angel of the Lord had "met Lizzie" before us, in the still twilight of that autumn morning, and after one pang, terrible we know, but brief, had wafted her gentle spirit to those who waited for her in the home of angels! At the very last stopping place, Lizzie had left the carriage to procure some food for a little child who had fretted all night in the arms of a wearied mother. The train stopped but a moment; it was dusk, and none of the officials had seen her leave it.

She returned hastily, to find it moving, made a misstep, fell forward—and the rest—it is a common tale, such as newspapers chronicle every week. The beautiful head with its sunny curls was—what we saw at the station house! We shed no tears at first, though it seemed as if a drop could save our hearts from bursting; it would not come! Not even when one who, we afterwards learned, was on his way to a wedding party, and who, journeying with Lizzie but a few hours, had yet learned to know he good as beautiful, came up and laid, in tearful silence, a bouquet of pure white rosebuds upon her bosom. We buried them with her—the stranger's kindly offering of sympathy and respect.

Blessed be God for tears! They came at last; came when we saw the mother! That scene is too sacred for detail. But the old grandfather's mind wandered when he heard the tidings, and all day he sat in his arm chair on the porch, listening for the whistle of the train and saying, as his dull ear faintly distinguished it, "I reckon Lizzie's in that train. Has any body gone to meet the girl?" When told again, he would seem to comprehend for a few moments, and once he called the creeping baby to him, and patting its white shoulders, "Grandsir's old and lame and blind; he couldn't go to the station, but he's going to see Lizzie first, after all, Yes, yes—grandsir's not so far from his little girl as the rest of them, but we're all following fast!" Blessed lost one! How prone we are to forget this. How hard for our faith to "put back the dead love from her arms," and looking upward, upward to the glory that encompasseth thee for ever. We mourn thee always, Lizzie; our idolatrous hearts yield but slowly to the Father's chastening, yet in it we feel the earnest of joy to come; we know the clinging earth-garments cannot hold us back from thee for ever; we know that we shall yet "meet thee at six," at the glorious sunrise of the Resurrection Morning.

"MEET ME AT THE STATION, MOTHER."

With my hand close pressed by a friend, I bade him good-bye, and sprang upon the platform as the train wound out of the station. The carriages were crowded. Every seat was full; and at the first stopping-place a large number got on. Every window was closed. The air was foul, oppressive, almost suffocating. The strong and nauseating stench of rum and tobacco seemed to gather like a vapoury miasma between us and the dimly burning lamps. We had been dozing, but awoke with a choking sensation. The window we left raised had been closed by some one afraid of God's pure air. Not wishing to commit the impropriety of letting fresh air in too

suddenly upon the flagrant embodiment of personal filth which had lodged in the carriage, we climbed out over two dirty bundles, and three children more so, and staggered out upon the platform. When we returned to our seat, we found that an Irishman and two strapping boys had been practising "squatter sovereignity" upon our robe and seat, and excluding us from the territory.

Near the middle of the carriage was an invalid—a consumptive from the land of gold—going home to die. With a gasping movement he attempted to raise the window, but had not sufficient strength to do so. Promptly putting our hand upon the catch, we lifted the sash as high as it would go. Like a child thirsting for water he raised his hat and leaned forward to catch a breath of the cool air which rushed in upon his faded cheek.

"Thank you sir," he said feebly, and turned his languid eye gratefully upon us. "That is so blessed—I was nearly fainting."

"We can't have that window up!" growled a burly old passenger who looked as though he had vitality enough to withstand any storm. "Put it down, sir!"

The invalid hesitated, and tried to look the bore in the face. The latter, with an oath, sprang up and closed the window. The consumptive again dropped, and again we raised the window. The old passenger again closed it. Taking our seat by it we raised it a third time. The old passenger stormed, and finally went to the guard with his complaints. The passengers, imagining themselves freezing to death, all sided with the well man. The guard closed the window and peremptorily forbade us to raise it again, brutally remarking that "one man's whims should not freeze a whole train to death"

In the meantime the invalid had leaned heavily upon our shoulder, feebly remarking, as he did so, that "he had not far to go."

"I only wish to live to see my mother, who will be waiting for me at the station. I have telegraphed—'meet me at the station, mother.'"

The carriages stopped at the ——— station. "Twenty minutes for refreshments," said the eating-house runner. Still the invalid stirred not. We thought him asleep, and did not attempt to wake him.

Close upon the heels of the runner a fine-looking old lady followed, and passed through the carriages. She returned, and again slowly passed where we sat, looking closely and anxiously as she did so.

She was evidently disappointed in the object of her search, and stood hesitatingly in the carriage door.

"Were you looking for some one?" we ventured to inquire.

"O yes, sir, for my son, whom we expected on this train, he had arrived from Australia. But I fear he is sick."

"Here is a gentleman asleep on my arm," we replied; "he is a stranger, and may possibly be the one you are looking for."

She quickly came forward and peered into the face of the sick man. She started as though a corpse had met her gaze. A strange peculiar feeling thrilled over us as we watched her countenance. She lifted the hat gently from the sleeper's brow and looked again.

"No," she murmured, "it cannot be."

The sleeper's arms lay out over the end of the seat, and upon one of the bony fingers a heavy diamond ring glittered in the light of her lamp. She saw the gem and almost convulsively snatched the hand. As she pressed the ring it opened, and she saw her own miniature—her gift to her boy when he went from home.

"It's him! it's him! Wake up, Howard! You are at home again, God be praised! The carriage waits."

But the boy did not awake even at the sound of his mother's voice. As she lifted his head tenderly from our shoulder, he fell forward into our arms. The half-closed leaden eye told the tale—*he was dead!*

The shriek of the mother as she was made aware of the terrible truth—so full of heart-broken agony—will not be forgotten for many a day. She swooned and fell heavily upon the floor.

We carried out the wasted form of the sleeper, and then the insensible mother. Fast and hotly our tears fell as we straightened out the attenuated limbs of the consumptive, for we thought of the mother's bitter waking.

The sick one, wandering back over land and sea to die at home, did not have far to go. His mother was in waiting, but not to see him alive. He was taken to his home in the hearse instead of the family carriage. We thought then, and still think, that with sufficient pure air the boy might have lived to have looked upon his mother again and returned her holy kiss, and died with his weary head pillowed in her arms.

He was poisoned in that foul and heated carriage, and was met by death, before he met his dear mother at the station. And now she must wait to meet him on the Resurrection Morn.

"OLD HUNDRED."

In a rustic old church opposite, while we write, a company of worshippers are singing the old, old hymn, "Be thou, O God, exalted high." The air as old, also; the immortal "Old Hundred."

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of immortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration, "They are singing 'Old Hundred' now."

The solemn strain carries us back to the times of the reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany.

From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence it cannot die!—Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the lands where sealed lips lay that have not sung that tune. If they were grey old men, they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes, they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep, singing "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, she whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred," and as she sung it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of God, and who with faltering steps ascend the pulpit stairs with white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred." And though sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white-headed father, with his tremulous voice! how he loves "Old Hundred." Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm-chair, his arms crossed over the top his cane his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strains ring out? Do you hear that thin, quivering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listened for, almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years' service in the master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring note emulate the steeple and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old together. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints.—The old churches where generation after generation has worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried, and layed before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower-top—the very air is haunted with its spirit.

Think, for a moment, of the assembled company who have, at different times and in different places, joined in the familiar tune! Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds!

"Old Hundred!" king of the sacred band of ancient airs. Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee!—And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us may be—

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BY W. H. RICHARDSON, JUN.

THERE is a law among the Icelanders by which when a minor commits an offence, the courts first make judicial inquiry whether or not his parents have given him a good education, and if it be proven that they have not, the child is acquitted and the parents are punished. In some of the States of America, if a child over sixteen and under twenty-one years, committed a certain capital offence against father or mother, he was allowed to arrest judgment of death upon himself, by showing that his parents, in the language of the law, "had been very unchristianly negligent in his education."

It is a matter for grave consideration whether or not the parents of this age are not fully and clearly amenable to every court of equity for the *highly* improper as well as penal conduct of their children, especially if it can be shown that they have neglected proper parental discipline.

If this position be regarded as quite too severe, every parent must allow that they are answerable to the Court of Heaven, from which there is no appeal, for a careless or wilful neglect in the moral training of their children.

We are all *abstractionists* in all that pertains to moral advancement, christian culture, and social progress. We are all (I use the noun in its general sense) ready to accede to every proposition which involves the idea of purity of conduct, uprightness, integrity, high moral purpose, in short all those attributes which every being created in the image of his Maker *ought to have*. Talk to parents about the importance of instilling high moral views into the minds and hearts of their children, not one that will not fully endorse and heartily approve the sentiment. Would we only do *more* and talk *less*, the community of which we form a part would realize far greater benefit from our agencies. There is, we think, no we don't think, we *know*, too great a disposition on the part of parents to overlook the importance of the moral training of their children through the agency of the Sabbath School. Not so much a disposition as a chronic carelessness, an indifference which sooner or later they will most deeply lament. Many parents consider that they have done their whole duty, discharged a sacred trust, absolved themselves of all farther obligation when they have hurried their little ones off to school of a Sabbath morning, despatching the little brood with the same concern as they "do up" other household chores. No preparatory words of gentle encouragement and timely admonition. No examination in the lesson of the morning; brushing away the thick mists and fogs that envelope the half-digested task; no simple illustration of dimly comprehended truths and (to them) uninteresting statements. And unless the Teacher is ready with his torch to light up the dark recesses in which the child has been vainly groping, the whole process only serves to dwarf and stultify the buds of the mind instead of invigorating and expanding. Is is as though the horticulturist should carelessly drop the seed into the ground regardless of the condition of the soil—the manner of sowing and the position it is to occupy; so that when the blade appears, some overhanging tree intercepts the rays of the sun, and it soon dwindles and dies; or springing up in the pathway, it is crushed and torn from its bed. Or perhaps it thrives for a time, and we are gladdened by its beauty, but the rank grass and weeds soon choke and destroy it. So it is with those immortal flowers which put forth in the morning of life, making the pathway of existence radiant with beauty and sweet with perfume; but too often the mind of the child, left to its own wanderings, exposed to the contamination of obscene and profane minds, becomes the receptacle of impure thoughts and deadly desires. With what patient care the farmer toils and watches over his newly sown acres. How unremitting is that care. How earnestly he searches for every destructive worm or devouring insect, lest its ravages destroy the young and tender leaves, knowing full well that a little patient protection at *first* secures the future crop. So it is with the children. Watch and preserve the *child* from the contamination of impure influences, and you may rest assured the *man* will realize the early promise. Parents seem to forget that what is sown in childhood and youth, will be the harvest in manhood and womanhood. They overlook the great fact that what is *first* put into the mind of the child remains the longest and hardens

into experience. They forget that consequences although remote, are nevertheless *sure*, and that all forms of direct or indirect education go to the formation of the mind of the man, although the germ may have been placed there when the fond father or indulgent mother little dreamed that their darling child was imbibing influences, which, however deleterious, were by an inevitable law, affecting its mental growth, as dew and sunshine, or untimely frost affect vegetation. Their influences enter into the vital portion of their being, and can never be wholly eradicated. We have only to appeal to the life-experience of almost every one to illustrate and verify this proposition. Who of us does not remember, and now feel the result of early impressions. The first temptation, the *first* falsehood—the *first crime*. Ah! how the soul mourns over that first departure, and looks back upon it, as upon some terrible monster from whose destructive jaws they were barely rescued. Thus it is children are left too much to the gratification of their own wayward passions, the parent all the while deluding itself with the idea that the child is too young to take cognizance of the examples of evil with which it is so often brought face to face.

Bad examples have been well likened to the food of wild game, "so pungent and soporific in its nature that it flavors every fibre of their flesh, and colors every bone in their body." Indeed, so enduring and unfading are the impressions made upon the mind of the child, that education has been finely compared to a certain species of writing ink, whose color, at first, is scarcely perceptible, but which penetrates deeper and grows blacker by age, until, if you consume the scroll over a coal fire, the character will still be legible in the cinders. One of the strongest thinkers of this or any other age, truly remarks, that, "However it may be in a social or jurisprudential sense, it is nevertheless true in the most solemn and dread-inspiring sense, that by an irrepealable law of Nature, the iniquities of the fathers are still visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. Nor do the children suffer for the iniquities only of their parents; they suffer for their neglect and even for their ignorance." We shall occasionally find parents who, realising the solemn importance of Christian culture, prefer that none other than themselves shall educate and train their children in religious forms and moral duties; who regard themselves as God-appointed in this holy mission, and fear that if to others is delegated this divine work, that it will lack thoroughness, and perhaps be productive of more evil than good; upon the principle that no truly important work should be intrusted to incompetent hands, as their unfitness may mar and deface rather than beautify and adorn. With such parents we heartily agree, and bid them God speed, believing that if our land was filled with such parents, the great mission of the Sabbath School would be superseded, and its glorious work anticipated by the regenerative power of *home influence*. Until that day shall dawn, we hope that parents will at least appreciate the disinterested efforts of Sabbath School teachers, and not only advise their children to become its members, but take them along with them, thereby teaching by example as well as percept. Thus shall the Sabbath School become a living institution, an animate organisation, vitalised and consecrated by the co-operating influence of both parents and children.

A few thoughts and suggestions to teachers, will conclude this brief essay. Any one who has ever reflected at all upon the secret of success, or more properly the elements of the progress, must have observed that no advancement is possible, unless the mind is interested and attracted by its pursuit. Every mind is guided by its own peculiar predilections or affinities. The minds of children are always susceptible to attractive illustrations. Acquirement and pleasure should be inseparable companions. You may talk to children until you are hoarse, about the ultimate benefit they will derive from earnest application to their studies. They cannot appreciate homilies upon the ultimate value or uses of knowledge. What they want and what they must have in order to animate and inspire them, is, the presentation of the ideas as set forth in the text book, in an attractive form, illustrated by the appropriate figure — the apt and lucid metaphor—the recital of some story which opens the mind's eye to a clear perception of the hidden meaning. "Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child but happy illustration winneth him." If the scholars

are not interested, the sooner they are dismissed the better, as a lack of interest soon degenerates into positive aversion. Some one has truly said that the desire of learning alternates with the desire for food, the mental with the bodily appetite. This is true, especially of children. They are ever seeking for new objects upon which to fasten their out-reaching aspirations. The tendrils of their minds creep forth and fasten themselves to every object which seems new and strange. There is no rest but an ever advancing steadily progressing effort. Happy is that teacher who can draw and retain by his or her peculiar power to win. One who has studied and pondered profoundly upon this thought, thus beautifully expresses himself: "Mark a child when a clear, well defined, vivid conception seizes it. The whole nervous tissue vibrates,—every muscle leaps; every joint plays. The face becomes auroral;—the spirit flashes through the body like lightning through a cloud. Tell a child the simplest story which is adapted to his present state of mental advancement, and therefore intelligible, and he will forget sleep, leave food untasted, nor would he be enticed from hearing it, though you should give him, for play-things, shining fragments broken off from the sun."

Here, then, is the secret of success in teaching. *Clear, well defined and attractive illustration.* Some teachers think that progress consists in getting over a great amount of book surface. Probably no idea has been more productive of real evil than this. It is like gorging the stomach with food, producing inertia, debility, and sometimes death. Review is the life of all study. All such progress as that just alluded to, is but hastening the delay of the expansion of the mind. This cramming process, this forcing collective ideas into the mind of the child, without first stopping to ascertain if the child can analyze them, is like endeavouring to swallow more food than æsophagus can contain, which, instead of contributing to health and pleasure, produces suffocation. It is not unfrequently the case in our public schools, that this method of fast teaching is adopted when the feeble mind of the pupil is given for a single intellectual meal, "an entire continent and an ocean to wash it down with." Those persons who know a little of every thing and nothing well, have been not inaptly compared to a kind of pocket knife, which some people carry with them which in addition to a common knife contains a file, a chisel, a saw, a gimlet, a screw driver, and a pair of scissors, but all so diminutive that the moment they are needed for us, they are found useless.

Thoroughness, then, is the grand prerequisite to a solid as well as accomplished and useful education.

We have quite too many men of straw now-a days, men to whom an idea is as great a stranger as a good deed, men who are as much confused when brought into a succession of well directed thoughts, as though a cannon had been discharged at their ears. May all who have assumed the lofty position of teachers, so endeavor to discharge the high duties of that mission that they can contemplate with profound satisfaction the result of their labours, and when harvest time comes their hearts be gladdened by the golden fruits which first blossomed under their fostering care.

MR. THOMAS COOPER.

Our readers, no doubt, have all heard of the conversion of Mr. Thomas Cooper from Infidelity to Christianity. He is now on a lecturing tour in the North of England, and has nightly very large audiences to hear him, although the charges of admission are very high.—We notice this event, as many of our readers may wish to know the classification to which he belongs as a Christian. Marvellous enough, he comes out from practical Atheism to high Trinitarianism; a great admirer of the Athanasian Creed; the writings of Jonathan Edwards, the pure Calvinist; and he is also a firm believer in the doctrine of eternal torments; but he does not believe of children in hell a *span long*. How liberal!

Our friend, Mr. George Lucas, of Gateshead, has written a very powerful antidote to some of Mr. Cooper's folly, called "*Blundering Theology; or, Plain Words to Mr. Thomas Cooper, with Notes and Comments on his recent Lectures and Sermons.*" We thank him for his excellent pamphlet. May it be read wherever Mr. Cooper goes. He will send *three* copies *post free* on receipt of six stamps. Address, "George Lucas, Gateshead."

"FATAL ERROR."

GENTLE reader, can you say, What is fatal error? Would you sit on the throne of judgment, and pronounce for what mental darkness you would exclude from everlasting light?—*Fatal error*, we rather think, among fallible beings, affecting eternity, is an unmeaning phrase. Roman Catholics say that Protestantism is *fatal error*. Some Protestants say that Romanism is *fatal error*. Trinitarians say that Unitarianism is *fatal error*. Thank God, we never heard, nor ever will hear, a Unitarian say that Trinitarianism is *fatal error*, though we can give a moral, mental, and scriptural demonstration, that cannot be refuted, that trinitarianism is a most anti-christian mistake.

We have been led to this topic from what the Bishop of Exeter and the Rev. J. Colbourne brought out before the "Spiritual Destitution Committee of the House of Lords," recorded in our last number. The former gentleman asked to know "*the actual extent of mischief the Unitarian Chapel does;*" the latter said that Unitarianism "*is such a fatal form of error that one regrets even the smallest form of effort.*"—From the evidence adduced before the committee, we can answer the Bishop's question, and also from what we know of the teachings of Christ, can reply to the Rev. Incumbent's mistake.

The actual extent of mischief done by Unitarians in Bethnal Green and other poor parishes of London, according to the report of the incumbent is, that at the West-end of London there are numerous families of Unitarians, and being touched with a feeling of that charity which ought to pervade all Christian churches more, they have sent down to this poor and populous district a minister to the poor, out of their better means, to give spiritual instruction to the people uncared for by those who ought to care for them, having the government authority and pay for this very thing. But as Macauley has well said the people care naught about such teachers, for this, not very marvellous reason, they care little about the poor people, "and the Church of England, even by accident, has not even once been found on the side of the people."—"*The extent of the mischief.*" Thanks to you Unitarian friends at the West-end of London for the kind of mischief you are doing the poor people at Bethnal-green. While the church is collecting its dues and rates and selling off the goods of the poor dissenter and committing some firmly conscientious persons to prison that it may get more gold, thus making infidels in every county, see their own confessions, you are doing something to promote Christianity in caring for the bodies as well as the souls of the poor in Bethnal-green. The Rev. J. Colbourne, no friend of yours, says, you distribute a great deal of temporal relief, among these poor people; you care very much for the poor children there, and especially do you bountifully supply the wants of many in *winter-time*. Whatever the honourable Lords and Bishops may think of you for this, as no doubt some heard this with indignation, while others might hear it with pleasure, we know one above them who will say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in: Naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me . . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Yes, we are unutterably thankful this is the kind of mischief doing by Unitarians in Bethnal-green, and this is the heavenly recompense it will have. It is more like a proof, we would think from its fruits and reward, of the doctrines of LIVING TRUTH, than those of FATAL ERROR.

We return to rebut the charge of fatal error against our religious views. While musing over this unfounded assertion the postman calls with the "*Leicester Chronicle*," from which we cut the following paragragh:

SUICIDE.—A man named Joseph Swingler, of West Langton, committed suicide by hanging himself on Friday last. It appeared from the evidence at the inquest on Saturday, that he was in a low way about *spiritual affairs*. He left a letter behind him, in which he stated that he was unhappy, that there was *no happiness for him here and none hereafter*. On Friday morning, instead of going to work, he went to look at his brothers, who were mowing. They attempted to cheer him up, but he said it was of no use, *as he was lost*. He left them and went into another field where there was a ladder standing against a rick of hay; to this he hanged himself. As he did not go to his

work as usual, some one went to his house to ask for him, when his wife went out and found him hanging to the ladder quite dead. The deceased was about 44 years of age. An inquest was held on Saturday, and a verdict was returned that deceased destroyed himself while labouring under religious depression.

We feel confident, in the strength of our religious doctrines, if we had had one hour's conversation with this poor man we could as surely saved him from his unhappy position as we could have lifted a pin from the table. The doctrines of *partialism* sent him to a suicide's grave, proved *fatal error*, so far as present life is concerned, and there is nothing in that compound of Calvinism and Arminianism called Church of Englandism, that could legitimately relieve such distress of mind as this poor man experienced. Our June number contains numerous cases of the *fatal* effects of popular theology, all the doings of a few months. Had the doctrines of Unitarianism produced a tithe of the *fatal* effects which the doctrines believed in by the Rev. J. Colbourne and the Bishop of Exeter have for their fruits, we could have been silent when our glorious faith was called fatal error.

Fatal error, our faith, fatal to what; not to loving thoughts of God, not to loving thoughts of man; not to the great realities of time, not to the great realities of eternity; not to earnest exertion to do some good to the temporal and spiritual condition of our fellow-men, and to encourage all to the faith and hope and love of Christ. Our doctrines are *fatal* to priestcraft, superstition, spiritual bondage, and oppression. *Fatal* to contracted views of religious communion and narrow views of God, and cursed views of earth, and gloomy views of trials, sickness and death; and *fatal* to frightful views of eternity. Yet they are the only doctrines which will prove *fatal* to *error*, sin and unbelief all the world over.

Gentle reader; applying to the future everlasting destruction, or misery of any of God's children, we dare not call any form of faith "*fatal error.*" But in reference to what are the effects on this life the doctrines we renounce, we know are *fatal* to high confidence in God and universal fellowship with man—*fatal* in *some* cases to life, in *many* cases to Christian charity, and in *all* cases to the simplicity that is in Chrlst Jesus.

WHY FROM LOVE TO GOD AND MAN I AM A UNITARIAN.

We mentioned some time ago a series of sermons going on in Boston, all delivered in one chapel, from the sentiments "Why from Love to God and Man I am an Episcopalian, a Congregationalist, a Baptist, a Methodist, an Universalist, an Unitarian." The most able preachers of Boston engaged in the sermons. Dr. Dewey preached for the Unitarians. We here give our readers two extracts from his discourse,—first, his brief reply to the silly objection Unitarianism does not spread.

"It is said that Unitarianism does not spread, like other systems; but the views substantially which we embrace do prevail excessively, under other names than our own. In the large and increasing bodies of the Universalists and Christians, the doctrine of the trinity is distinctly rejected; and, generally speaking, its kindred or associated doctrines. *And our three denominations together may not be less in numbers than the Methodist body itself.* There is a difference between the spread of a *sect* and of *Ideas.* In this latter sphere of success, we claim that we have done some work. If this vanguard of Unitarianism must sink, either merged in the army it has led on, or dying at its post, I shall not be sorry for the humble part I have taken in the conflict."

Read seriously the following appeal against that God dishonouring doctrine of eternal torments:—

"Suppose, continued the speaker, that an earthly parent so ordains as to bring his children into the world *cripples*, or suppose they chance to be born such, and *then* that he exacts full service from them, every day, for failure: would the common sense of the world hesitate what character to ascribe to that proceeding? Such a thing could not live in the world, full as it is of tolerated horrors. But how feebly does such an instance set forth the case in question! Almighty God has brought into the world this race of human beings. According to the popular theory he has left them under a condition of impotence or natural depravity, which makes their perdition certain and inevitable without his interference. For millions unnumbered, he does *not*, he never *will*,

interfere; and every day by thousands they drop from the green and flowing plain of the world, where they had idled *or* toiled away their little hour's existence; they drop into everlasting burnings, or into everlasting agonies. Nay, millions of heathens, who never heard of the Gospel, crowding generations from the beginning of time, as they dropped from this bright world, have been heaped up, age after age, in awful aggregation, thousands of millions in each century, upon this burning altar of endless pain."

"You are a father. An infant being is laid in your arms. It was born in the morning and died at evening. For that day's life do you think its unhappy fate linked to Adam, and settled by the fiat of election—that it must meet the eternal doom? You will say "no," perhaps; "responsibility does not begin so soon." When, then, *does* it begin? Is it at two years old, or five, or ten? Fix any time, or let the time be when it will. The day has come; and now and henceforth it must answer to the everlasting future; nay, and eternity may depend on the probation of an hour. For an hour it may die; or in a week, or a month it may die. There is no imagination; alas! it is reality. And your lovely child that is taken from you—you can not say, perhaps, that it was a Christian—a regenerate soul. Passions were breaking out from time to time, which had been nursed in infancy, and which it had not learned to control. It was lovely, perhaps, and full of promise; but you could not say, that in it yet appeared the character, conversation, or hope of a Christian. But it is gone; the Infinite Father has taken it; and what has he done with it? Cast that frail and tender life, for its week's or month's probation, into outer darkness, where is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for ever? For that week's or month's experience—ignorant, unconscious, unknowing of the unutterable peril—cast that poor child, torn trembling from its mother's arms, upon a doom, upon a misery that is to grow and increase for ever and ever—upon a misery that shall swell to a greater amount in eternity than all the accumulated miseries of this world in time. There is not a parent's heart in this assembly that would not break at the thought, if it were brought home to it. And may not *that* interpret something of the Infinite Parent's pity for his children? If you can not believe that a month's probation, neither can you believe that this weak, frail, ignorant, troubled human *life*, must draw after it such an irreversable doom. At any rate this dreadful doctrine of everlasting punishment for all unregenerate souls falls when tried upon that issue. If you can not believe that a month's probation carries with it such an awful doom—if you give up *that*, you will give up the doctrine entirely."

EVENING PRAYER.

"Our Father." The mother's voice was low, tender, and solemn.

"Our Father." On two sweet voices the tones were borne upward. It was the voice of reverent children that gave them utterance.

"Who art in heaven."

"Who art in heaven," repeated the children, one with her eyes bent meekly down, and the other looking upward, as if she would penetrate the heavens into which her heart aspired.

"Hallowed be Thy name."

"Lower fell the voice of the little ones. In a gentle murmur they said, "Hallowed be Thy name."

"Thy kingdom come."

And the burden of the prayer was still taken up by the children—"Thy kingdom come."

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," filled the chamber.

And the mother continued—"Give us this day our daily bread."

"Our daily bread," lingered on the air, as the mother's voice was hushed in silence.

"And forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors."

"And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever. Amen."

All these holy words were said piously and fervently by the little ones, as they knelt with clasped hands besides their mother. Then as their thoughts, uplifted on the wings of prayer, to their heavenly Father, came back again and

rested on their earthly parents, a warmer love came gushing from their hearts.

Pure kisses — tender embraces — the fond "good night." What a sweet agitation pervaded all their feelings! Then two dear heads were placed side by side on the snowy pillow, the mother's last kiss given, and the shadowy curtains drawn.

What pulseless stillness reigns throughout the chamber! Inwardly the parents' ears are bent. They have given their innocent ones into the keeping of God's angels, and they can almost hear the rustle of their garments, as they gather around their sleeping babes A sigh, deep and tremulous, breaks upon the ear. Quickly the mother turns to the father of her children, with a look of earnest inquiry. And he answers thus her silent question:

"Far back through many years have my thoughts been wandering. At my mother's knee, thus said I nightly my childhood's evening prayer. It was that best and holiest of all prayers, 'Our Father,' that she taught me.

"Childhood and my mother passed away. I went forth as a man into the world, strong, confident, and self-seeking. Once I came into a great temptation. Had I fallen in that temptation, I would have fallen never to rise again. The struggle in my mind went on for hours. I was about yielding. All the barriers that I could oppose to the in-rushing flood seemed just ready to give way, when, as I sat in my room one evening, there came from an adjoining chamber, now first occupied for many weeks, the murmur of low voices.

"I listened. At first no articulate sound was heard, and yet something in the tones stirred my heart with new and strange emotions. At length there came to my ears, in the earnest, loving voice of a woman, the words, 'deliver us from evil.' For an instant, it seemed to me as if that was my mother's voice. Back, with a sudden bound, through all the intervening years, went my thoughts; and a child in heart again, I was kneeling at my mother's knee. Humbly and reverently I said over the words of the holy prayer she had taught me, heart and eyes uplifted to heaven. The hour and power of the darkness had passed. I was no longer standing in slippery places, with a flood of waters ready to sweep me to destruction; but my feet were on a rock. My pious mother's care had saved her son. In the holy words she taught me in childhood was a living power to resist evil through all my life

"Ah! that unknown mother, as she taught her child to repeat this evening prayer, how little did she dream that the holy words were to reach a stranger's ears, and save him through the memory of his own childhood and his own mother! And yet it was so. What a power there is in God's Word, as it flows into and rests in the minds of innocent childhood!"

Tears were in the eyes of the wife and mother, as she lifted her face and gazed with a subdued tenderness upon the countenance of her husband. Her heart was too full for utterance. A little while she thus gazed, and then, with a trembling joy, laid her head on his bosom.—Angels were in the chamber where the dear ones slept, and they felt their holy influence.—*T. S. Arthur.*

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

"He is the Freeman whom the Truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides."—*Cowper.*

For the Truth, then, let us battle,
Whatsoever fate betide!
Long the boast that we are Freemen
We have made and published wide.

He who has the Truth and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action,
That his fellow-mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the Truth, and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a Freeman,—
He, at least, is but a slave.

He who hears the Truth, and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man.

Friend, this simple lay that readest,
Be not thou like either them—
But to truth give utmost freedom,
And the tide it raises, stem.

Bold in speech, and bold in action,
Be for ever!—Time will test,
Of the free-souled and the slavish,
Which fulfils life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble Roman—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak!—no matter what betide thee!
Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first Apostles—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly!—speak it all!

Face thine enemies—accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And, if thou hast Truth to utter,
Speak!—and leave the rest to God.

—*Literary Journal.*

FIVE HUNDRED SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENTS FOR CHRISTIAN UNITARIANISM.

"*I will show thee that which is noted in the Scripture of truth.*"—Daniel, 10th ch., 21 v.

"*For we are not as many, which corrupt the word of God; but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God speak we of Christ.*"—2nd Corin. 2nd ch., 17th v.

SUNDRY DOCTRINES OF CHRISTIAN UNITARIANISM.

SUFFICIENCY OF SCRIPTURE.

We believe the faith and practice of pure religion are sufficiently set forth in the holy Scriptures, and that human creeds, confessions, and articles of faith drawn up by Christian Churches are of small value to religion.

"To the Law and to the Testimony: if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them."—Isa. viii, 20.

"If any man teach otherwise and consent not to *wholsesome words*, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to Godliness; he is proud knowing nothing, &c."—1 Tim. vi, 3.

"Hold fast the form of *sound words*, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus."—2 Tim. i, 3.

"Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—Jer. vi, 16.

"The former treatise have I made O Theophilus, of *all* that Jesus began both to do and to teach."—Acts i, 1.—"That thou mightest know the certainty of those things, wherein thou has been instructed."—Luke i, 4.

"Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you."—Deut. iv, 2.

"That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."—1 Cor. ii, 5.

"Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you *all* the counsel of God."—Acts xx, 26, 27.

THE RULE OF FAITH AND DUTY PLAIN AND EASY TO UNDERSTAND.

The Scriptures nowhere require assent to any mysterious doctrines, hard to explain, and difficult to understand.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—James i, 27.

"For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it afar off. . . . . But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart that thou mayest do it."—Deut. xxx, 11, 14.—See Rom. x, 8.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—Heb. xi, 1.—"So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."—Rom. x, 17.

"I fear lest by any means . . . . . your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ."—2 Cor. ii, 3.

"What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways; and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, to keep the commandments of the Lord."—Deut. x, 12.

"Now the end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned."—1 Tim. i, 5.

"The way of holiness. . . . . The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."—Isa. xxxv, 8.

"Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live; and so the Lord, the God of Hosts, shall be with you."—Amos v, 14.

"Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart: So shalt thou find favour and good understanding, in the sight of God and man."—Prov. iii, 4.

"Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock."—Matt. vii, 24.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."—Eccle. xii, 13.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

The following questions, of deepest interest to every human being, are plainly answered in the Holy Scriptures.—*Who are the friends or disciples of Jesus Christ?—On whom does the blessing of God rest?—Who shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven?*—In these answers, the words of Jesus and others, not one trait of Trinitarian theology is found, not one of the peculiar tenets of popular and falsely called evangelical religion has any place. A loving heart and pure life are the demands made upon us.

WHO ARE DISCIPLES OR FRIENDS OF CHRIST?

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—Jn. xiii, 35.

"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 Jn. iv, 7.

"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and manifest myself unto him."—Jn. xiv, 21.

"If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us."—Jn. iv, 12.

"Beloved, follow not that which is evil, but that which is good; he that doeth good is of God."—3 Jn., 11.

"For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, my sister, and mother."—Mark iii, 35.

"And Christ answered and said unto them, My mother and brethern are these which hear the word of God, and do it."—Luke viii, 21.

"Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed in him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed."—Jn. viii, 31.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—Jn. xv, 14.

THE APOSTOLIC BELIEF.

"And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."—Acts viii, 37.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi, 31.

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. x, 36.

"Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God."—1 Jn. iv, 15.

"Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God."—1 Jn. v, 1.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.—Rom. x, 9.

BLESSED OF GOD.

We believe the blessing of God is upon the pure, lowly, merciful, faithful, wise, and good of all churches and nations, without distinction of creed, church, age, name, or nation.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit."—Matt. v, 3.
"Blessed are the meek."—Matt. v, 5.
"Blessed are the merciful."—Matt. v, 7.
"Blessed are the pure in heart."—Matt. v, 8.
"Blessed are the peacemakers."—Matt. v, 9.
"Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake."—Matt. v, 10.
"Blessed is he that considereth the poor."—Ps. xli, 4.
"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord of Hosts."—Ps. lxxxiv, 8.
"Blessings are upon the head of the just."—Prov. x, 2.
"Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord."—Ps. cxii, 9.
"Blessed are they that keep judgment."—Ps. cvi, 3.
"Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it."—Luke xi, 7.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD,—AND WHO SHALL ENTER THEREIN.

"Neither shall they say, lo here, or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is *within you*."—Luke xvii, 21.

"For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."—Rom. xiv, 17.

"Not every one that sayeth unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. vii, 21.

"Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart."—Psalm xv, 1, 2.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.—Rev. xxii, 14.

"Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in: naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."—Matt. xxv, 34, 40.

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

SELF DENIAL.

To teach children to practise self-denial is, probably, the greatest duty of all moral and religious training. Self-denial consists in resisting and subduing every unlawful appetite. It does not consist in denying the appetite itself, but the unlawful activities and excesses. The best way to initiate children into acts of self-denial is to exhibit an example of it in our own conduct.

A schoolmaster had about a dozen pupils, who lived with him, and who, with his wife and assistant, had their repast together. On one occasion, Mr. Wright received a present of a pheasant. The cook, imagining that pheasants were not common things for school boys, thought she would bring it nicely cooked, just as the boys had finished their dinner, and were about to leave the table, so that the master, his wife, and assistant, might enjoy it alone. Accordingly, just as the boys were about to stand up and give thanks, in came the servant with the pheasant. Mr, W. asked why it had not been brought in before, as they had now finished their dinner; when the cook replied that she thought the pheasant was for her master only, and not for the boys. "Oh," said he, "I never allow anything to be brought to my table which I do not wish all to partake of, for this, indeed, would be setting an example of selfishness which is quite the contrary to what I think is the system of moral training." He then requested the boys to be seated, and invited them also to partake of the pheasant. Being a skilful carver, he contrived to serve every one present but his wife and himself with the dainty, for when he had served them round, there was nothing left. Mr. and Mrs. W. were much pleased that the boys enjoyed themselves with the present they had received, and the boys were astonished when they observed that Mr. W. had served all except his wife and himself.

The next day, one of the boys received a rich plum cake from his mother. Having presented some of it to Mr. and Mrs. W., he distributed it liberally among the boys, and gave also a piece to each of the servants. As there was only a small portion left for himself, one of his schoolfellows came to him and said: "You have acted very foolishly in not keeping the cake for your own enjoyment." "Why," said the generous boy, "did you not observe how Mr. W. served out all the pheasant yesterday, and kept none for himself? And do you think that I could be so selfish as to keep all this present for myself alone, and not share it with others? I can assure you that I feel very happy in thus imparting of my own enjoyments to others, and my happiness is much greater than if I had followed your advice, and had kept it all for myself!" The selfish boy felt himself rebuked, and was ashamed of his conduct. After a short pause, he said—"You are quite right, and when I receive a plum cake from my mother I will go and do likewise."

OPPOSITION TO ERROR.—Take heed you measure not your love to truth by your opposition unto error. If hatred of error and superstition spring from sincere love of truth and true religion, the root is good, and the branch is good. But if your love to truth and true religion spring from hatred to each others' error and superstition, the root is naught; then can no fruit be expected, but hypocrisy, hardness of heart, and uncharitable censuring of others.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

We are glad to notice there is now a Unitarian publication in France, *The Disciple de Jesus Christ.* It can be obtained through Mr. Whitfield, bookseller, 178, Strand, London.

A Revival Incident.—Last Saturday, at the meeting at Burton's Theatre, Henry Ward Beecher made the sweeping assertion that all present were sinners. "Not so," said a Methodist brother, who suddenly jumped from his seat in a very excited manner, "Not so, for I have been sanctified." "Glory to God inthe highest," shouted Beecher at the top of his voice, "You ought to have been in Heaven long age, you're not fit to live in this world."—*New York Day Book.*

A young minister, says Dr. Bellamy, who had made himself conspicuous for a severe and denunciatory style of preaching, came to him one day to inquire why he did not have more success. "Why man," said the Doctor, "can't you take a lesson of the Fisherman? How do you go to work if you want to catch a trout? You get a little hook and a fine line, you bait it carefully and throw it in as gently as possible, and then you sit and wait, and humour your fish till you can get him ashore. Now you get a great cod hook and rope line, and thrash it in the water, and bawl out, "Bite, or be damned."

Words of Leigh Hunt.—"If an angel were to tell me to believe in eternal punishment I would not do it; for it would better become me to believe the angel a delusion than God monstrous. And we make him monstrous when we make him the author of eternal punishment, though we have not the courage to think so. For his sake let us have piety enough to believe him better! I speak thus boldly not to shock anybody, which it would distress me to think I did, but because opinions so shocking distress myself, and because they ought, I think, to distress every body else, and so be put an end to. Of any hearers whom I may shock, I beg forgiveness. Only I would entreat them to reflect how far that creed can be in the right, which renders it shocking in God's children to think the best of their father." What can come more closely home to every honest man's conscience than this?

How Ale strengthened Him.—A student of one of our Colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary of course to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said; "Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."—"Yes' sir." "Well, what explanation can you make?" "Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room." "Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?" "Ah, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it, now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

An Odd Appeal.—The *Israelite* appeals upon a rather new ground for an increase to its subscription list:—"The responsibilities of the Editor have been increased with a little daughter—the sixth of the series—boys and girls, in regular couples. Considering this new emergency, new provisions must be made; hence The Israelite stands in need of One Thousand New Subscribers. Boarding, lodging, clothing, schooling, music, drawing, dancing, and French teachers, together with the dowry for the young lady, will amount to about the profit realized from a thousand subscriptions for the next eighteen years. We hope our friends will know what to do under the circumstances, and we abstain from making further representations to them."

"What's whisky bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article. "Bringing men to the poor-house, the penitentiary, and the gallows," was the reply. Sensible man, that.

Robert Dale Owen Converted.—Private letters from the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, U.S. Minister at the court of Naples, written to his friends at New Harmony, announce the gratifying intelligence that he has become converted to the Christian religion. Mr. Owen is well-known throughout this State for his scholastic attainments, but his influence has ever been weakened heretofore by his heretodox views of Christianity. —*Vincennes (Ind.) Gazette.*

Medicinal Properties of the Rite of Confirmation.—Bishop Potter held a confirmation recently in New York, at which a lady presented herself, to whom, he was quite sure, he had administered the rite before. As she approached, he asked her if she had never been confirmed. "O, law, yes, Doctor," she replied, "you have confirmed me twice, and I want you to confirm me again, *it is so good for my rheumatism.*"—*New York Evening Post.*

Mr. Thomas Cooper, so well known as a Chartist Lecturer and Deistical writer, has become a Christrian convert. He offended some of his new friends in the North by stating the blundering theology that said and sung "God died" caused scepticism. He put himself above all suspicion of heresy the third lecture, by declaring he was now a high trinitarian of the "Athanasian, Bull, and Waterland School." We regarded him in the same light as his Chartist friends would had he declared he now belonged in politics to the school of Sidmouth and Castlereagh.

Text at a Wedding.—It is said that Theodore A. D'Aubigna in 1823 married the widow of Cæsar Balbini. He was seventy-one. She was sixteen years younger. The marriage was performed during the course of the usual service on Sunday. The minister preached from the text—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This irritated D'Aubigna beyond measure, and he complained to the Senate of Geneva, who forced the minister to apologise. In doing so, he protested that he had no intention of offending, and that the words complained of, belonged to a portion of the Scriptures which he had been occupied on successive Sundays in expounding.

Curious Facts.—The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 3,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter die previous to the age of seven years; one half before reaching seventeen; and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one-half the human species. Of every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; of every 100, only six reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on the whole earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of these 33,333,333 die every year; 91,824 every day; 3730 every hour; and 60 every minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favour previous to being fifty years of age than men, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every 100 individuals. Marriages are most frequent after the equinoxes—that is during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day.

DIAMOND DUST.

The mother's heart is the child's school-room.

Thanksgiving is good, but thanksliving is better.

Afflictions are God's whetstone, they put an edge on old principles.

He that hath slight thoughts of sin never had great thoughts of God.

Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

Live not so much upon the comforts of God as upon the God of comforts.

Honesty ought to shine through and illustrate the whole sphere of our action.

The true hero is he who conquers his passions by self-control, and his enemies by love.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; he that hath tasted the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

A parent who strikes a child in anger is like a man who strikes the water, the consequences of the blow are sure to fly up in his face.

How cheap a kindness, says Tillotson, to speak no ill of others: a good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak requires only our silence.

One reason why the world is not reformed is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of reforming himself.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

A weak mind sinks alike under prosperity and adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides; when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

A religious life is not a thing which spends itself. It is like a river which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.

As a painter places his picture at a certain distance from the eye, that he may the better judge of its correctness, so should we stand, as it were, at a distance from ourselves, and think how we are likely to appear to others.

The law of reciprocation is not confined to the physical system of things: in the career of benevolence and beneficience also, every action is followed by a corresponding reaction. Intellectual light is not formed from a lantern, leaving the bearer in the shade: it supplies us with the power of beholding and contemplating the luminary it flows from.

Leigh Hunt says:—"Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish other parents with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child."

A babe is a mother's anchor. She cannot go far from her moorings. And yet a true mother never lives so little in the present as when by the side of the cradle. Her thoughts follow the imagined future of her child. That babe is the boldest of pilots, and guides her fearless thoughts down through scenes of coming years. The old ark never made such a voyage as the cradle daily makes.

THE LUMP OF SALT.—A lump of salt is dissolved in a basin of water; the salt is gone, but its savour has reached the remotest atom in the basin. Our one life is like that lump of salt: gradually it is melting away, and in a brief season it will be gone; but its savour will reach the remotest hour in the eternity to come.

KNOWING CHRIST.

When we look upon the different sects of religionists and philanthropists in the Christian world, we might almost think that there are none who know Christ. When we see the Orthodox so hard and better against heretics and heresies, when we see those who call themselves rational Christians so cold and lifeless, when we see some Churches so full of formality, talking about "The Church" as though they were the people and wisdom would die with them, and laying an immense stress on a prayer-book or a reading-desk; when we see so many who seem to think that true religion consists in extacies of terror at the thought of an angry God and a flaming hell, and extacies of selfish joy as being delivered from this danger—we might say, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith in the earth?" I have sometimes gone home from a crowded meeting, where I had been listening to revival preaching, and have read the words of Jesus in the Gospels, and felt like one who goes out of the glare and crowd of a theatre into the calm stillness of a summer's night, passing from the excitements of earthly thought to the repose of the unchanging stars.

But it would be unjust to forget that in all sects there are those who *have* sat at the feet of Jesus and heard his words. There are humble but earnest preachers of his truth, who have given their hearts and their lives to the work of saving souls, and whose influence has been to elevate and redeem. There are such now, the salt of the earth, the little leaven hid in the meal—whose unostentatious charity, whose pure and fervent piety, whose earnest love of truth, make no noise, but win many hearts to God. So also in every congregation there are some sincere and true Christians, who are ready to labor and make sacrifices for Christ, and yet not appear unto men to fast—

In misery's darkest cavern known,
There useful care is very nigh,
When fainting anguish pours its groan,
And lonely want retires—to die.

There are those who know Jesus well, into whose souls the beauty of his life has sunk deep; who love their Saviour, love to think of his words and meditate on his character, and whose hearts burn within them while he talks to them by the way. There is many a poor woman, whose only comfort in her solitude and bereavement is to read in her Bible of that peace which Jesus gives, and to go in the strength of it to help others, yet more desolate than she, because destitute of her happy faith.

The following lines, from the *Christian Inquirer*, are by Theodore Parker, of Boston:—

CHRIST:

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

O thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe.

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way
The holiest know: Light, Life, the Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

WEARY, and wounded and worn—
Bleeding and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford,
Whilst with a sad and a sorrowful tone,
He sang the Song of the Sword.

'Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand fathers die;
Fight! fight! fight!
Though thousands of children cry;
Fight! fight! fight!
Whilst mothers and wives lament!
Fight! fight! fight!
Whilst millions of money are spent.

'Fight! fight! fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair;
Though all that's gained is an empty name,
And a tax too great to bear;
An empty name and a paltry fame,
And thousands lying dead;
Though every glorious victory
Shall raise the price of bread.

'War! war! war!
Fire, and famine, and sword,
Deserted towns, and desolate fields,
And thousands scattered abroad,
Without a home, or even a shed,
Whilst kingdoms perish and fall;
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
And all—for nothing at all.

'Ah! why should such mortals as I,
Kill those whom we never could hate?
'Tis "obey your commander or die,"
'Tis the law of the sword and the state.
For we are the veriest slaves
That ever had their birth;
For to please the whim of a tyrant's will,
Is our business here on earth.

'War! war! war!
Musket, and powder, and ball;
Ah! what do we fight so for?
Ah! why have we battles at all?
'Tis justice must be done, they say,
The nation's honour to keep:
Alas! that justice is so dear,
And human life so cheap.

'Tis oh! that a Christian land—
A professedly Christian state,
Should thus despise that high command—
So useful and so great;
Delivered by Christ himself on earth,
Our constant guide to be;
To "love our neighbours as ourselves,
And bless our enemy."

'War! war! war!
Misery, murder, and crime,
The legitimate fruits of an evil tree,
In every age and clime;
Misery, murder, and crime—
Crime, misery, murder, and woe;
Ah! would I had known in my younger days
A tenth of what now I know.

'Ah! had I but known in my happier days
In my hours of boyish glee,
A tenth of the horrors and crime of war—
A tithe of its misery—
I now had been joining a happy band
Of wife and children dear,
And lived in peace in my native land,
Instead of perishing here.

'And many a long, long day of woe,
And sleepless nights untold.
And drenching rain, and drifting snow,
And weariness, famine, and cold;
And worn-out limbs and aching heart,
And grief too great to tell,
And bleeding wound, and piercing smart,
Had I escaped full well.

'But though, with such sorrow and woe,
Thy progress must always abound;
Ah! would it were only below [found.
That the fruits of thy curse could be
But war! war! war!
From all that I ever see,
Full many a groan in the future world,
Must be traced, I fear, to thee.'

Weary, and wounded, and worn,
Bleeding, and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of the battle to lie,
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford,
Whilst thus, with a sad and a sorrowful tone,
(Oh! would that these truths were
more perfectly known,)
He sang the Song of the Sword.

—*Peace Publication.*

NOTICE—Letters, &c., for the Editor, to be addressed to ROBERT SPEARS, STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

Printed by J. WILLIAMS, 129, High Street, Sunderland.